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Richard Wagners's Programme to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

It is a difficult matter for any one, not intimately acquainted with this wonderfully significant work of Art, to understand it on the first hearing. Hence it may be permitted to offer some aid to that considerable portion of an audience, who find themselves in this predicament; not indeed with a view to imparting an absolute understanding of Beethoven's masterpiece — since that can only come from intimate personal study and insight — but simply with the hope of furnishing some hints illustrative of its artistic arrangement, which in the great peculiarity and entirely unimitated novelty of the work might escape the observation of the unprepared and easily confused hearer. Taking it for granted that it is the essential problem of the higher instrumental music, to express in tones what cannot be expressed in words, we think we can approximate to the solution of an insoluble problem by calling in the aid of words of our great poet GOETHE. These, to be sure, stand in no immediate connection with Beethoven's work, and can in no wise indicate the meaning of his purely musical creation with any thoroughness. Yet so nobly do they express those higher moods of the human soul which lie at the foundation of this Symphony, that in the impossibility of any fuller understanding one may content himself with identifying these moods, so that he need not go away from a hearing of the music without at least some apprehension of its purport.

FIRST MOVEMENT (*Allegro ma non troppo, D minor.*) — A most sublimely conceived conflict of the soul, struggling after joy, against the pressure of that hostile power, that stations itself between us and all earthly bliss, appears to lie at the foundation of this first movement. The great main theme, which at the very outset steps forth from a gloomy veil in all the nakedness of its terrible might, may perhaps, not altogether inappropriately to the sense of the entire tone-poem, be translated by the words of Goethe:

"Entbehren sollst du! Sollst entbehren!"

[This in most of the translations is rendered: "Renounce! Thou must renounce." But the word *entbehren* does not signify "renounce." The meaning of the phrase is, (for it cannot be given in a word), that it is the destiny of man always to have wants which cannot be satisfied.]

Opposed to this powerful enemy we recognize a noble spirit of defiance, a manly energy of resistance, which to the very middle of the movement rises to an open conflict with the adversary, in which we seem to see two mighty wrestlers, each of whom leaves off invincible. In isolated gleams of light we may discern the sweet sad smile of happiness, that seems to seek us, for whose possession we strive, and from whose attainment we are withheld by that maliciously powerful foe, who overshadows us with his nocturnal wings, so that even to ourselves the prospect of that far off grace is dimmed and we relapse into a dark brooding, which has only power to rouse itself again to new defiance and resistance, and to new wrestlings with the demon who robs us of true joy. Thus force, resistance, struggle, longing, hoping, almost reaching, again losing, again seeking, again battling — such are the elements of restless movement in this marvellous piece of music, which droops however now and then into that more continuous state of utter joylessness, which Goethe (in his "Faust") denotes by the words:

"But to new horror I awake each morn
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Accomplishes no wish of mine, — not one;
Which still, with froward capriciousness, impairs
E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares
The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.
And then when falls again the veil of night,
Stretch'd on my couch I languish in despair;
Appalling dreams my troubled soul affright;
No soothing rest vouchsafed me even there." &c.

At the close of the movement, this dreary, joyless mood, growing to gigantic magnitude, seems to embrace the All, as if in grand and awful majesty it would fain take possession of this world, which God has made — for JOY!

SECOND MOVEMENT. (*Scherzo molto vivace.*) A wild delight seizes us at once with the first rhythms of this second movement: it is a new world into which we enter, in which we are whirled away to giddiness, to loss of reason; it is as if, urged by desperation, we fled before it, in ceaseless, restless efforts chasing a new and unknown happiness, since the old one, that once sunned us with its distant smile, seems to have utterly forsaken us. Goethe expresses this impulse, not without significance perhaps for the present case, in the following words:

— "The end I aim at is not Joy.
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss," &c.
— "In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,
Let us our fiery passions still
Enwrapped in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure, as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeable dance;
Excitement is the sphere for man!"

With the headlong entrance of the middle-subject there suddenly opens upon us one of those scenes of earthly recreation and indulgence: a certain downright jollity seems expressed in the simple, oft-repeated theme; it is full of *naïveté* and self-satisfied cheerfulness, and we are tempted to think of Goethe's description of such homely contentment:

"I now must introduce to you
Before aught else, this jovial crew,
To show how lightly life may glide away;
With them each day's a holiday;
With little wit and much content,
Each on his own small round intent," &c.

But to recognize such limited enjoyment as the goal of our restless chase after satisfaction and the noblest joy, is not our destiny: our look upon this scene grows clouded; we turn away and resign ourselves anew to that restless impulse, which with the goading of despair urges us unceasingly on to seize the fortune, which, alas! we are not destined to reach so; for at the close of the movement we are again impelled toward that scene of comfortable indulgence, which we have already met, and which we this time at the first recognition of it repulse from us with impatient haste.

THIRD MOVEMENT. (*Adagio molto e cantabile, in B flat major.*) How differently these tones speak to our hearts! How pure, how heavenly soothing, they melt the defiance, the wild impulse of the soul tormented by despair, into a tender and melancholy feeling! It is as if memory awoke within us, — the memory of an early enjoyed and purest happiness:

"Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,

While, fraught with solemn and mysterious power,
Chimed the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss."

And with this recollection there comes over us once more that sweet longing, that is so beautifully expressed in the second theme of this movement (*Andante moderato, D major*), and to which we may not unfitly apply Goethe's words:

"A yearning impulse, undefined yet dear,
Drove me to wander on through wood and field;
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,
I felt with holy joy a world revealed."

It seems like the longing of love, which again is answered, only with more movement and embellishment of expression, by that hope-promising and sweetly tranquilizing first theme, so that on the return of the second it seems to us as if love and hope embraced, so that they might the more entirely exert their gentle power over our tormented soul. It is as when Faust speaks, after the Easter bells and chorus of angels:

"Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,
Come ye a dweller in the quiet to seek?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among."

Even so seems the yet quivering heart with soft resistance to wish to keep them off: but their sweet power is greater than our already mitigated defiance; we throw ourselves overpowered into the arms of this gracious messenger of purest bliss:

"O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain,
Tears now are gushing, — Earth, I'm thine again!"

Yes, the bleeding heart seems to be getting healed and re-invigorated, and to be manning itself to that exalted courage which we think we recognize in the almost triumphant passage, towards the end of the movement. Still, this elevation is not yet free from the reaction of the storms survived; but every approach of the old pain is instantly met with renewed alleviation from that gentle, magic power, before which finally, as in the last expiring gleams of lighting, the dispersed storm disappears.

FOURTH MOVEMENT. The transition from the third to the fourth movement, which begins as it were with a shrill shriek, may be pretty well indicated again by Goethe's words:

"But ah! I feel, how'er I yearn for rest,
Content flows now no longer from my breast."
— "A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the blighted soul
Yearneth to draw sweet solace, still ye roll
Your sweet and fost'ring tides — where are ye — where!
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?"

With this beginning of the last movement, Beethoven's music assumes decidedly a more speaking character. It quits the character, preserved in the three first movements, of pure instrumental music, which is marked by an infinite and indeterminate expression. The progress of the musical invention or poem presses to a decision, to a decision such as can only be expressed in human speech. Let us admire the way in which the master prepares the introduction of speech and the human voice, as a necessity to be expected, in this thrilling Recitative of the instrumental basses, which, already almost forsaking the limits of absolute music, as it were with eloquent, pathetic speech approaches the other instruments, urging them to a decision, and finally itself passes over into a song-theme, which sweeps the other instruments along with it in its simple, solemn, joyous current, and so swells to a mighty pitch. This seems like the final effort to express by instrumental music

alone a secure, well defined, and never clouded state of joy; but the untractable element seems incapable of this limitation; it foams up to a roaring sea, subsides again, and stronger than ever presses the wild, chaotic shriek of unsatisfied passion upon our ear. Then steps forth toward the tumult of the instruments a human voice, with the clear and sure expression of speech, and we know not whether we shall most admire the bold suggestion or the great *naïveté* of the master, when he lets this voice exclaim to the instruments:

"Friends, no more of these tones! rather let us sing together more pleasant and more joyful strains!"

With these words it grows light in the chaos; a definite and sure utterance is gained, in which we, borne upon the subdued element of the instrumental music, may hear now clearly and distinctly expressed, what to our tormented striving after joy must seem enduring, highest bliss. And here commences Schiller's

"HYMN TO JOY.

"Joy, thou brightest heaven-lit spark,
Daughter from the Elysian choir,
On thy holy ground we walk,
Reeling with ecstatic fire.
Thou canst bind in one again
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.

CHORUS.

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!
Friends, yon dome of starry bliss
Is a loving Father's place.

"Who the happy lot doth share,
Friend to have, and friend to be—
Who a lovely wife holds dear—
Mingle in our Jubilee!
Yea—who calls one soul his own,
One on all earth's ample round—
Who cannot, may steal alone,
Weeping from our holy ground!

CHORUS.

"Sympathy with blessings crown
All that in life's circle are!
To the stars she leads us, where
Dwells enthroned the great Unknown.

"Joy on every living thing
Nature's bounty doth bestow,
Good and bad still welcoming;—
In her rosy path they go.
Kisses she to us has given,
Wine, and friends in death approved;—
Sense the worm has;—but in heaven
Stands the soul, of God beloved.

CHORUS.

"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?
Seek him in yon starry sphere:
O'er the stars he governs all.

"Joy impels the quick rotation,
Sure return of night and day;
Joy's the main-spring of Creation,
Keeping every wheel in play.
She draws from buds the flowerets fair,
Brilliant suns from azure sky,
Rolls the spheres in trackless air,
Realms unreach'd by mortal eye.

CHORUS.

"As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,—
Brothers speed upon your way.

"From Truth's burning mirror still
Her sweet smiles th' inquirer greet;
She, up Virtue's toilsome hill
Guides the weary pilgrim's feet;
On Faith's sunny mountain, wave,
Floating far, her banners bright;
Through the rent walls of the grave
Flits her form in angel light

CHORUS.

"Patient, then, ye myriads live!
To a better world press on!
Seated on his starry throne,
God the rich reward will give.

"For the Gods what thanks are meet?
Like the Gods, then, let us be:
All the poor and lowly greet
With the gladness and the free;
Banish vengeance from our breast,
And forgive our deadliest foe;
Bid no anguish mar his rest,
No consuming tear-drops flow.

CHORUS.

"Be the world from sin set free!
Be all mutual wrong forgiven;
Brothers, in that starry heaven,
As we judge our doom shall be.

"Joy upon the red wine dances;
By the magic of the cup
Rage dissolves in gentle trances,
Dead despair is lifted up.
Brothers, round the nectar flies,
Mounting to the beaker's edge.
Toss the foam off to the skies!
Our Good Spirit here we pledge!

CHORUS.

"Him the seraphs ever praise,
Him the stars that rise and sink.
Drink to our Good Spirit, drink!
High to him our glasses raise!

"Spirits firm in hour of woe—
Help to innocence oppressed—
Truth alike to friend or foe—
Faith unbroken—wrongs redressed—
Manly pride before the throne,
Cost it fortune, cost it blood—
Wreaths to just desert alone—
Downfall to all Falsehood's brood!

CHORUS.

"Closer draw the holy ring!
By the sparkling wine-cup now,
Swear to keep the solemn vow—
Swear it by the heavenly King!

Animated, warlike sounds approach: we fancy that we see a troop of youths marching up, whose joyous, heroic spirit is expressed in the words:

"As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,
Brothers, speed upon your way."

This leads to a sort of joyful contest, expressed by instruments alone; we see the youths plunge boldly into battle, of which the crown of victory shall be Joy; and yet again we feel prompted to cite words of Goethe:

"He only merits liberty or life,
Who daily conquers them."

The victory, of which we doubted not, is won; the exertions of strength are rewarded by the smile of joy, which breaks forth jubilant in the consciousness of bliss newly earned by conquest:

"Joy, thou brightest," &c.

And now in the high feeling of Joy the expression of the universal Love of Man bursts forth from the swelling breast; in sublime inspiration we turn from the embrace of the whole human race to the great Creator of all things, whose benign presence we declare with clearest consciousness, yes—whose face we in a moment of sublimest transport imagine we behold through the blue opening ether:

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!
Friends, yon dome of starry bliss
Is a loving Father's place."

"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?
Seek him in yon starry sphere:
O'er the stars he governs all."

It is as if now revelation justified us in the beatific faith: that every man was made for Joy. In the most powerful conviction we respond to one another:

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!"

and:

"Joy, thou brightest," &c.

For in the league or communion of divinely sanctioned universal human love, we may enjoy the purest joy. No longer merely in the thrill of the sublimest imagination, but in the expression of a directly re-

vealed, sweetly inspiring truth we may answer the question:

"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?"

with:

"Seek him in yon starry sphere," &c.

In the most confiding possession of the happiness vouchsafed, of the most child-like susceptibility to joy regained, we now surrender ourselves to its fruition: innocence of heart is restored to us, and with benediction the soft wing of Joy is spread over us:

"Thou canst bind in one again
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.

To the mild beatitude of Joy succeeds now its jubilee:—jubilant we clasp the world to our breast; shouting and revelry fill the air like the thunder or the cloud, like the roar of the sea, which in everlasting motion and beneficent agitation quicken and sustain the earth for the joy of Man, to whom God gave it that he might be happy thereupon.

"EMBRACE, YE MILLIONS!" IS NOT THIS THE
KISS OF THE WHOLE WORLD? BROTHERS,—O'ER
YON STARRY DOME MUST A DEAR FATHER DWELL
—JOY! JOY, BEAUTIFUL SPARK OF DEITY!"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Motives and Themes of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

(Concluded from last number.)

THE FOURTH MOVEMENT.

The last and grandest movement of this greatest work of the master (his *Missa solennis*, Op. 123, in D major, perhaps excepted) consists of seven smaller movements. In all except the first the human voices unite with the instruments. The music is set to thirty-six out of the ninety-six lines of Schiller's poem: "An die Freude" (To Joy.) The poem consists of eight trochaic stanzas of eight lines each, each followed by a chorus of four lines. From these words the master chose the first stanza with its chorus, the second, the third with its chorus, and the chorus to the fourth stanza. These seven smaller movements will be designated as Parts A B C &c.

The seven parts express the emotions caused by a series of ideas logically and psychologically following from each other in this connection.

The opening of the first Part (A.) gives vent to the misery of the human soul, which, after having proposed the eternal questions of human destiny, after having passed through all the different degrees of passion from sadness to despair (1st movement), from gentle emotions to the wildest frantic enjoyment (2d movement);—after having felt sacred influences of ideal repose and the warmer, yearning swellings of the human heart (Adagio and Andante), finds itself still without a real and lasting consolation. There is one idea which contains this consolation, an idea which is the polar star of all human aspirations: "HUMANITY;" human happiness, brotherly love to all men. This great idea is pronounced in the chastest and grandest manner possible by the orchestra and in Part B. by the human voices and the orchestra. Part C encourages man, in most magnificent numbers, to run his course like a hero on his way to victory. Nervous energy pervades the whole movement, and the thrilling grand chorus repeats the apotheosis of Humanity by an invocation of its tutelary deity: Joy.

In the grandest manner the union of all mankind in a common brotherhood is consecrated in Part D. In sacred awe the millions acknowledge

a common Father, dwelling above the stars mysteriously.

Part E is devoted to the celebration of the two ideas of Love to all men, and thanks to Joy, who makes all men brothers. The devotional feeling of the nearness of the Creator, almost too big for human utterance, changes to a confident belief in the "beloved Father above the stars."

In the next part, F, all the humanistic ideas of the preceding parts are repeated in a more elated and happier mood than before; the enthusiasm of joy and love, the fervor of the feeling of an universal common brotherhood, reaching its crowning climax in the 7th and last part of the movement, closing as a grand majestic jubilee celebrated by all men in the sanctuary of HUMAN HAPPINESS.

We will now examine the seven parts consecutively.

A. In strange contrast to the peaceful close of the Third Movement, opens this part, with this most expressive dissonance; A—b flat—d—f—b flat *ff*. The key-note has not been found yet that sets all the noblest chords of the human heart vibrating; the tune has not been struck yet that irresistibly, in triumphant numbers, bids all mankind march on the same path in the same steps. The above dissonance opens a dialogue between the reeds and brass instruments on the one hand, and the Contra-Bassi and Violoncelli on the other. The first eight measures, expressive of the bitterest woe, are answered in a Recitative by Contrabassi, and Violoncelli, full of impatience, softened down to grief at the close, (m 8—16.) Exceeding all recognized bounds, the master makes these expressive instruments sing out what until then had been entrusted to the human voice alone. More fiercely (m 17—25.) on a diminished-seventh chord, the reeds and brass instruments repeat their complaint and are answered in a strong and manly strain of assurance by the Bassi m 24—29. Some ray of hope, confidence of ultimate success, breathes in these tones, which are the introduction to a series of tableaux, we might say, that are to pass before man, to see perchance if one of them be the golden isle of bliss with the spring of life gushing forth in its vales elysian.

First is introduced theme No. 1, in m 30—37. But the Recit. m 38—47, full of disappointed expectation, and ending in saddest tones, tells us, that no hope has dawned as yet. Quite another rejoicing answer do the Bassi return in m 56—62, to the theme of the second movement, No. 13, stated in m 48—55, the second half of the theme being in a cheerful key, F major. The Recitative, however, joyous as it is, expresses a doubt, closing as it does in the form of the musical question. This is answered by the first two measures of the religious theme, No. 20. The following Recit. seems to enter into this mood, it being of a devotional character, in m 65—72, when it suddenly awakes and in tones of angry impatience, (m 72—75) renounces this emotion. Not devotion alone can make us happy, it seems to say, but more is wanted. An active religion of good works to all men being the leading idea of all the subsequent parts, the motive of the Hymn to Joy is now stated. As if yet uncertain, it appears over the Dominant Seventh instead of the Tonic-Chord, which would make the statement too positive. With eager joy the Rec. makes answer, (m 81—91), consisting of the same tones in the main, as the one opening Part B, in which the Baritone Solo invites the human voices to sing pleasanter tones, more full

of joy. And now the right answer is going to be pronounced, the gospel of the new covenant, the glad tidings of Joy, the apotheosis of "Humanity."

Allo assai. ($\text{♩} = 80$)

26. *p*

92. Violonc. e Bassi.

98. *cresc. p*

100.

107. 115.

This chaste, simple melody, not exceeding the compass of a fifth, in the song form, the simplest of all musical forms, and expressing as it does the highest idea for man as man, is another proof of the axiom, that the greatest artist uses the simplest means to attain the grandest results. This theme is repeated by the strings singly, and then by the whole orchestra to m 187, followed up by a Ritornello to m 207. This ritornello in Parts B & C always follows the above melody, it being restricted then to four measures.

The instruments have scarcely ended the Hymn, when suddenly returns the first Rec. (m 1—8) in m 208—215. Their angry and passionate call is answered by the Baritone solo singing the fifth Rec. (m 80—90) in m 216—236, some matter being added in the middle to these words: "O friends, not these tones! But let us strike up pleasanter ones and tones more full of joy."

B follows without interruption first repeating m 76 to 80; and then the voices sing to melody 26 the following stanzas. The last four lines of each stanza are repeated by the Chorus, and the Ritornello comes in at the end of each stanza. (The words which are repeated are indicated, by this mark † being put before them:

First stanza: "Joy, beautiful spark of the Gods, daughter from Elysium, intoxicated with heavenly fire, we enter, a Heavenly one, thy sanctuary. † Thy charms unite again, what etiquette had sternly separated; all men become brothers, where thy gentle wings are hovering."

Second stanza: "To whose happy lot it falls to be the friend of a friend, who has won for his portion a sweet wife, let him join us with rejoicings;—† yes, who only calls a single soul his own on the globe of the earth. And he who never has succeeded, let him steal weeping out of our union."

From m 297—330 extends a variation of No. 26, inclusive of the Ritornello, which this time is accompanied by the voices in solemn chords repeating the last six words of the

Third Stanza: "All beings drink joy at the breasts of Nature; all men good and bad follow her rosy path. † Kisses gave she us and grapes; a friend tried in death; rapture was given to the worm, and the Cherub stands before God."

C is a magnificent variation of 26 in 6-8 time, *Allegro assai vivace: Alla Marcia*. The words in this part are the chorus to the fourth stanza of the poem:

"Joyously, as his suns are flying, through the gorgeous plain of heaven, run your course, O brothers! gladly as a hero to victory."

This last line inspired the master to this variation in the rhythm of a march.

Allo assai vivace. $\text{♩} = 84$.

27.

343. Clar. e Cor in B \flat .
Fag. e Contra-Bassi.

28. *f*

Viol. 2do.
431.

29. *pp* Clar. e Fag.

529.

This part has three subdivisions. The first extends from m. 331—431, including the Ritornello from m 423, and is set to the above words, the theme being, as stated in No. 27. The second subdivision (m 431—516) has for its theme 28 (being a variation of 27 or 26) and is purely instrumental; and the third resumes No. 26 in m 542—594 to the words of the first stanza. The first subdivision is sung by Tenore Solo and Tenori and Bassi Coro, the last subdivision by the full united choir.

It will be noticed that the rhythm of 27 is similar to that of the first measure of No. 13, while that of 28 is similar to that of No. 13, second, third, and fourth measures. It is accompanied by the rhythm of 27.

The second subdivision presents a very complicated treatment of No. 28, evidently rendering the words: "Run, O brothers, your course." Each of the principal instruments takes up the nervous energetic theme No. 28, which is shortened to two measures from m 462; afterwards a passage in one measure is formed from it. Very frequently one instrument will begin the motive on the 1st, and the next on the 4th eighth-note of the measure, making it intensely excited and agitated. In m 511—516 a passage derived from it leads to the single tone *f* sharp, which is repeated for 8 measures, in various octaves; and in the remaining 4 measures is repeated in the rhythm of 27, on the same degree. After those billows of stormy harmonies, these 12 measures, containing only one tone, act like oil on the troubled waters, calming the hearer, and preparing the sweet sounds of 29, being the first three tones of No. 26. Two repetitions of the four measures *f* sharp and of No. 29 close this interlude (m 517—542) and lead over to the *ff* Chorus of all the voices contrasted by a very bold figural accompaniment of the strings, while reeds and brass play the melody in unison with the voices.

D is devoted to the most solemn expression of the most sublime emotions the human heart is capable of feeling. In three grand melodies (the first of which appears in 30), breathing a spirit sacred and primordial, the master sings these words:

Chorus to first stanza: "Be embraced, ye Millions! this kiss to the whole world! Brothers, above the starry canopy a beloved Father must be dwelling."

Chorus to third stanza: "You fall down, Millions? Dost thou feel the Creator, world? (Ahnest du, &c). Seek him above the starry tent. Above the stars he must be dwelling."

Andante maestoso. $\text{♩} = 72$.

30. Tenori e Bassi Coro.

Be em - brac - ed

596.

master's intention in the effect of orchestral coloring, that are generally familiar, I need but refer to the point of imitation between the brass and the wood instruments in the *minuetto* of the Symphony in F, where the preponderance of the former annuls the response of the latter; and again the passage of demisemiquavers for the double-basses (the last variation of the theme), in the Symphony in C minor, where the accompaniment of the entire orchestra renders this insufficiently supported figure indistinct, if not wholly inaudible.

Bernadotte, then ambassador at Vienna, suggested to Beethoven, in the course of 1803, the composition of a grand instrumental work in honor of Napoleon. His republican feeling caught fire at the proposal, and he entered upon the task with the determination to produce a masterpiece, that should stand in art, as its hero does in history—the sun of a system. He spent the greater part of a year upon the composition, and wrought in it the first great manifestation of his individuality, fulfilling to the utmost the highest intention he could have formed with regard to it, and constructing in it a monument to his own genius that can never perish. The noblest and best that belongs to music, characterizes this colossal effort; and if the greatness of Beethoven, as an artist, were to be epitomized in a single work, this work would represent it all. The completed score was about to be forwarded to the First Consul; the title-page was headed "Buonaparte;" at the bottom of the leaf was written "Luigi van Beethoven;" and the author was considering the form of words that should link these extraordinary names, when he learned that Napoleon had assumed the crown of the empire. Enraged at this, as though at a personal grievance, so entirely had he identified himself with the subject, he tore the intended title-page in pieces, threw the manuscript of his outraged imaginings upon the ground, and would not for many months allow the work to be named. It was subsequently purchased by Prince Lobkowitz, at whose residence it was first performed, and now it was that it received the title of *Sinfonia Eroica*, with the superscription "Per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un gran uomo."

His next great work was the opera of *Leonore*, which was produced in November, 1805, but seven days after the entry of Napoleon's troops into Vienna. Its non-success was the natural consequence of the political excitement of the time, of the absence from the city of the principal lovers of music, including the Lichnowsky family, and of the theatre being attended almost entirely by French officers, who probably did not understand the language, and certainly could not comprehend the music; and it was accordingly, withdrawn after the third performance. The opera had been written under engagement to the manager of the theatre, who provided Beethoven with a lodging during the time of its composition, which being, however, as distasteful to him as three others he rented at the same time (this matter of residence was one about which Beethoven was especially capricious), he wrote the work at the village of Hetzendorf, and it was now produced with the first overture—that published after his death, as Op. 138, and commonly known by the name of "Leonore Fidelio."

Fortunately for art, the English theatrical custom of regarding original non-success as total failure, prevailed not in Vienna, and the opera was accordingly reproduced in March, 1806, with some advantageous modification of the *libretto*, when it was well received; but in consequence of disputes between the composer and the manager and singers, it was again laid aside after three representations; in the interim, since the first production, the great overture in C (known by the name of "Leonore"), as well as the second overture (Op. 139), which is a sketch for this, had been written, and it was with this grand composition that the opera was reproduced.

When Prince Lichnowsky returned to Vienna, one of his first cares was for Beethoven's opera. Accordingly, a meeting took place at his house to discuss the remodelling of the work, when the composer was, with extreme difficulty, persuaded to omit a duet and a trio, in which the love of Marzeline for Fidelio, and jealousy of Jaquino were exhibited—probably, to rewrite the songs of Pizarro and Florestan, to insert the march—and to compose the fourth overture—that in E, known by the name of "Fidelio." The *libretto* was now reduced from three into two acts, the name of the opera was changed to *Fidelio*, and in this altered form the work was again reproduced in 1807, to meet with that success which has stamped it a classic of the lyrical stage. On this occasion, Mesdames Milder and Marconi personated Leonore and Marzeline, and MM. Röckel and Meyer, Florestan and Pizarro. To describe the merits of this master-piece would greatly surpass the present limits; the chief are its all-powerful dramatic character, and the gradual growth of the intensity of its expression with the progress of the ac-

tion. It is rendered difficult of comprehension to a general public by the minuteness of the expression, which necessitates in the hearers, not only a knowledge of the broad sentiment, but of the very words of the text, each one of which has its meaning illustrated in the music. This quality, which induces the very perfection of *Fidelio* as a work of art, has had the baneful influence, upon recent productions, of suggesting a corrupt style, in which the principals of composition are eschewed to the pretence of expression, and music ceases to be music to become mere declamation. Whoever would exalt this style, by referring it to the work under consideration, must be insensible to the technical beauties of that work, which transcend even the beauty of its expression, and forget that means are essential to an end.

In 1806, while he was corresponding with the Countess Guicciardi, Beethoven wrote the Symphony in B flat, the epitome of a happy love in the many phases of its enthusiasm, finding, in this indulgence of his innermost feeling a relief from the vexations occasioned by his opera, by his uncertain health, and even by his deafness.

In the year following the final production of *Fidelio*, he wrote successively that glorious manifestation of will and power, the Symphony in C minor, and that musical idyl which truthfully tells us how deep was his love of nature, the *Sinfonia Pastorale*. He had already, in his overture to "Coriolan," and in each of the overtures to his opera, proved the power of music, independently of words, to embody a definite expression, as distinct from the undefined, if not undecided sentiment of the instrumental works of previous composers; and in the *Sinfonia Pastorale*, where the character is didactic instead of dramatic, where the expression is of his own feelings, not of those of the persons of his story, this power is evinced with equal success. In these two symphonies an important originality of form is to be noticed, as conducting to the effect of unity in an extensive instrument work—the conjunction, namely, of several movements.

In like manner as the scherzo and the last movement are linked together, in the Symphony in C minor; and as the scherzo, the storm, and the finale, grow each out of the preceding in the *Sinfonia Pastorale*; so, in the grand pianoforte Trio in B flat, are the two last movements joined, and a similar construction is employed in several other works; but the most remarkable instance of its application is in the violin Quartet in C sharp minor, in which the entire composition proceeds from first to last without any break whatever. Much as may be urged, as to the æsthetic merit of this arrangement—and the admirable effect of the examples that have been cited is powerful evidence in its support—it must be owned that nothing less than the genius of Beethoven could retain the attentive interest of the hearer, without the relaxation of a moment's silence, throughout a succession of such elaborately developed movements as he has thus combined; the power of his genius is, however, especially manifested in the employment of this construction, the result of which is, where he applies it, to increase the excitement of the music, and thus to augment its interest and to rivet the hearer's attention.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Peeps at Italian Papers.

No. II.

BY TROVATORE.

I find in *Il Trovatore* of Jan. 29, the following article about Pacini's new Opera, "*Saltimbanco*":

"The most fertile and pertinacious of the Italian composers of the present century, is Pacini. Who would think that he had commenced to compose contemporaneously with Rossini, who for twenty years has lain aside the pen. Pacini saw without fear himself eclipsed by this great sun, and on a par with Donizetti, Mercadante and Coccia. Even when the star of Bellini suddenly illumined Italy, drawing all souls by its melancholy influence, Pacini did not think himself vanquished; he only retired a moment to meditate, and soon reappeared with his masterpiece, *Sappho*, which, after twenty years, beams with so much freshness and youth! So Pacini recommenced his career, where Verdi first began his; and he has thus contended with those three contemporaneous giants of music,—Rossini, Bellini and Verdi; and if he did not eclipse them he was at least a valiant rival.

"That Pacini has been, of all these composers, the most fertile, the great number of his operas proves, which from the time he first gave to Milan, in 1812, his first musical farce *Annetta e Lucindo*, until 1858, when his last work, *Linda di Brussele* was produced at Bologna, number eighty-eight, exclusive of fourteen never published; and cantatas, airs, romances, choruses, and symphonies, that have been heard all over Italy.

"This *Saltimbanco*, produced the other night at the Teatro Regio, in Turin, is his third from last opera, and was produced for the first time last year in Rome, with a brilliant success, that led to its speedy reproduction in other cities.

"It would be ungenerous, to condemn the effort of the Nestor of Italian *maestri*, the unwearied discoverer of so many beautiful melodies, and how much worse when this opera has received such spontaneous and universal praise; and when the author was called, at its first production in Turin, twenty times before the curtain. If any wished to find fault with the music, they could not say it was sleepy, but rather overcharged with an almost spasmodic vigor. Yet such is the brilliancy and the power of this work, that it cannot fail to meet everywhere an overpowering success."

This is the style of criticism [?] that the Italian papers award to a new opera. Now here is a genuine, thoroughly Italian musical correspondence:

"OUR MILAN CORRESPONDENCE.

"After the unhappy failure of *Vascello*, the unfortunate opera of Villanis, after the triumph of Marchisio in *Semiramide*, I awaited with anxiety, this enigmatical *Boccacchia* of Verdi, about which there are so many conflicting reports. The Milanese have agreed with the Venetians and Florentines, and dissented from the verdict of the Neapolitans. *Simone Boccacchia* bowed its head the first evening at *La Scala*, and did not raise it the next; the fault of the obscure, flat and miserable *libretto* for the execution was unimpeachable. In my opinion this opera of Verdi is replete with many beauties, but lacks the much desired theatrical effect.

I would add, that *Bendazzi* yelled, shrieked and howled, in a horrible manner. You will hear him next year in Turin, and woe be to those who do not provide themselves with cotton to thrust in their ears. Sebastian Ronconi might do if he did not shout so. The only one to sustain the unlucky production was the egregious tenor, Pancani, who in every phrase, nay, every note, showed himself insuperably grand. But he was not enough, and while saving himself from shipwreck, he could not prevent the others from being submerged.

Yours,

A CHILD."

Verdi, last season, was the most popular composer of Italy. In the peninsula are 93 theatres opened for opera. Verdi has been this year the most fortunate, his operas having been repeated in 38 theatres. With *Trovatore* were inaugurated the openings of the theatres of Naples, Trieste, Florence, Venice, Nice, Ferrara, Vercelli, Sassari, Savignano, Capua, Campobasso and Aversa; with *Traviata*, Messina, Verona, Pistoja, Legnano, Rimini, Soroto, Osimo, Pergola and Medica; with *Ernani*, Palermo, Prato, Camerino and Saluzzo; with *Lombardi*, Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa; with *Rigoletto*, Bergamo and Novara; with *Nabuco*, Fabriano and Urbino; with *Attila*, Mortara; with *Aroldo*, Piacenza; with *Due Foscari*, Sarteana; with *Luisa Miller*, Foggia; with *Gioianna di Guzman*, Rome. Next to Verdi comes Donizetti, whose operas opened 15 theatres; *Linda* at Forli and Empoli; *Polio* (I Martiri) at Spoleto and Femi; *Don Pasquale* at Rome (Valle theatre); *Don Sebastian* at Cagliari; *Devereux* at Udine and Salerno; *Lucia* at Volterra; *Lucrezia* at Cuneo; *Fausta* at Venice; *Gemma di Vergy* at Reggio and Modena; *Parisina*, at Turin; *Maria di Rohan* at Gubbio; *Favorita* at Crema. The operas of Bellini opened only four theatres, *Beatrice di Tenda* at Ancona and Ravenna; *Norma* at Florence (the little Goldoni theatre); *Puritani* at Lodi. Pacini also opens four theatres; *Bondelmonte* at Pesaro; *Saffo* at Brescia; *Medea* at Cosenza; *Stella di Napoli* at Foligno. Rossini opened only three; *Barbiere* at Florence (Pagliano theatre); *Cenerentola* at Siena; *Italiana* in Algeria at Naples. Petrella opened also three theatres. Meyerbeer, two; the *Huguenots* at Turin, and *Robert* at Bologna. All the other theatres at Milan, Vicenza, Modena, Bari, Lucca, Arezzo, Cesena, Bagnacavallo, Ostiglia, Treviso, Oneglia, Barletta, Caltagirone, Catania, Girgenti, Noto, Reggio di Calabria, Syracuse, Trapani, and Lecce opened with operas by Ferrari, Rossi, and other less popular composers.

When a singer does not please the frequenters of an Italian theatre, they do not hesitate to let the unlucky artist, whether male or female, know it; and when a singer is hissed off the stage, he is called *protestato*. Rosa di Vries, (who once sang here with Maretzek) was, with the tenor, Stecchi-Bottardi, *protestato* last season, at the theatre of Palermo. At Marseilles, the opera of *Galatea* was recently given for the third time, but the tenor, including the sixth tenor that had failed in pleasing the people, was hissed off the stage. Six tenors were thus *protestati* at Marseilles in one season.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 26, 1859.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME. — With this number we complete the *Seventh year and Fourteenth Volume* of our JOURNAL OF MUSIC. Subscribers will receive with it, in lieu of the usual four pages of music, a title page and Index for the two volumes of the year.

With our next issue, April 2, we enter upon our FIFTEENTH VOLUME, with more encouragement and ampler means of carrying out our purposes than we have ever had before. Give us a helping hand, good friends, send us in the names of new subscribers, and thus do your part to enable us to make at least a Journal worthy of the Art we love and cultivate.

Mr. Zerrahn's Beethoven Night.

We close our journalistic year on an auspicious day, — the anniversary of BEETHOVEN'S death, which will be made the celebration of his immortal life and genius this evening, by a concert, in which two of his greatest works will be performed. For the preparation of the hearer for the better understanding of those works we have already published somewhat, especially on the ninth Symphony; perhaps the real danger is of saying too much; therefore only a few words now.

THE MUSIC TO EGMONT.

Goethe's heroic tragedy was a fit subject for a tyrant-hater like Beethoven. It offered him a kindred theme with his "Fidelio" and his "Heroic Symphony." In the "Egmont" music, he illustrates a drama whose subject is that reign of terror, which Phillip II of Spain, through his stern instrument, the duke of Alva, established in the Netherlands, and the fall of a hero "whose blood became the seed of liberty and freedom from the tyrant's yoke." The music consists, with the exception of two little songs in the charming part of Clara, of a series of instrumental pieces foreshadowing the events, characters and passions of the several acts, or tinged with the impressions of the scenes just passed, — and in the last instance accompanying the action.

First we have the overture, in the dark key of F minor, so well known in concerts. This is a marvellous compression into one brief, intense expression of all the elements of the tragedy. You feel all the gloomy background, the vague apprehensions of that reign of terror; while a ray of heavenly light, of maidenly purity and sweetness, an intimation of the love of Egmont and Clara, crosses and relieves the gloom; and the heroic will, the spirit of liberty, blazes out in glorious triumph at the end. Of the following pieces we reprint a description, by the "Diarrist," from an old volume of our Journal:

At the close of the overture the curtain rises and the music is silent until the scene in which Clara appears, and, radiant with happiness and pride in her noble lover, sing her soldier song:

No. I.

"The war-drum is rolling, high soundeth the fife;
My lover, all harnessed, commandeth the strife;
He holds the lance proudly, he orders the army.
My heart throbs aloud—how kindles my blood!
Ah, if as a soldier beside him I stood,
From hence would I follow with courage and pride,
Wherever he led me, I'd fight by his side;
The foe would shrink as we charged on the van;
O heaven! what pleasure, were I but a man!"

The simplicity and beauty of the original is but slenderly preserved by him who translated this exquisite song of Goethe. Still one may form some idea of the young girl, who, from her low social position, looks upward with love and veneration as to a god. Of all soldier songs that I know, that in the "Daughter of the Regiment" included, there is none the music of which to me is so full of emotion and simple beauty as this. It is the beauty of the German popular song, and must be judged from that standard—a style of music as distinct and national as that of the Scotch.

No. II. This is the short musical introduction to Act II. It begins with an Andante, in which Beethoven paints the grief of the constant Brackenburg over his unhappy love for Clara, referring especially to the words: "Could I but forget the time when she loved me, or seemed to love me! And—now? Let me die! Why do I hesitate?" The Andante

is followed by an Allegro con brio, in which is painted the restlessness of the citizens of Brussels under the Spanish yoke, and the constantly increasing excitement among the people.

No. III. is the introduction to the next act, and paints the warnings and presentiments of the Prince of Orange, with the replies of the joyous, careless, Egmont—their farewell, to which these words are the key:

Egmont. What! tears, Orange?
Orange. To weep for one who is lost is manly.

No. IV. is the song in which Clara speaks her longing for the presence of her lover. Clara sings:

"Cheerful and tearful, unwilling or fain,
Longing and mourning in passionate pain;
Joy to feel keenly, or anguish to prove,
Happy alone is the heart that can love."

No. V. Introduction to Act IV., consisting of echo of the love scene between Egmont and Clara; Clara at Egmont's feet—"So let me die; the world has no joy after this!"—march of the soldiers of Alva into Brussels, and closing with indications of the feelings of the citizens, as expressed in the works of Jeter: "I felt it badly the moment the Duke came into the city. Since that moment it seems to me as if the heaven was covered with a pall, which hangs so low that one must bow himself not to touch it. I snuff the odor of an execution morning; the sun will not appear—the mists stink."

No. VI. Introduction to Act V. Egmont's feelings when Alva orders him to surrender his sword; the warning words of Orange again rise in his memory; Clara's emotions upon learning of her beloved's arrest; her attempt to arouse the citizens to his rescue; and finally, her resignation and determination not to outlive him.

No. VII. Clara's death. "I draw nearer and nearer the blessed fields, and the delights of peace from that world already breathe upon me. I have conquered; call me not back again to strife."

No. VIII. Melodrama. Egmont sleeps and dreams to the sound of what Shakespeare would call "still music." He sees his beloved appear in the form of Liberty, proclaiming victory to the people; her hero falls, but in his blood is the seed of freedom.

No. IX. is a repetition of the close of the overture, the triumph of the people over the power of Spain, and the expulsion of Alva.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY.

This great work needs only that one become somewhat familiar with it, to be as clear and unmistakable in its intentions as any other Symphony. It is a thoroughly consistent and organic whole, all things throughout tending to one conclusion: JOY, realized in universal HUMAN BROTHERHOOD. This musical creation is as organic in its structure as a product of any of the natural kingdoms; and therefore such a close and literal examination of it as Mr. Schmitt has made in this and last week's paper, such an enumeration of its contents, such a tracing of its themes and motives through their various modifications, combinations and whole working up, must be as instructive in its way to any student who will follow it patiently, score in hand, as the naturalist's minute and microscopic observations on the organism of a bird or fish. Even to those who cannot or care not to so study it, it will be no little help in hearing the Symphony to have its various little motives and marked phrases, which continually reappear in it and give it at once variety and unity, fixed beforehand in their minds. You watch any procession, of harmonies as well as of men, as it passes by you, with more interest when you recognize the personages that move in it.

Were we to raise any question about our friend's enumeration of the themes and motives, it would be, whether in the First Movement he does not find too many themes? Has it not after all, according to the usual type of a Symphony Allegro, just two leading themes or subjects which we call *theme* and *counter-theme*, and are not all the others either transformations of those, or transition passages leading in and out to them, or incidental phrases of subordinate importance?

The moral and poetic meaning of the Symphony is truly set forth in Richard Wagner's parallels of its various movements with passages from Goethe. In truth it is the same problem, the great life problem, which the poet in his "Faust" and the composer in his Symphony attempt to solve. First comes the feeling of the emptiness of life, expressed in the very opening of the Symphony by that strange rustling of empty, barren Fifth (Quintengeflüster the Germans call it), and upon this the strong relentless Fate theme (No. 1 in S's analysis) is pronounced with startling

energy; and the sweet human reed instruments pour out their pleading strain (a little melodic figure that seems to be the tune of the "Joy" chorus in embryo); and sun-gleams and shadows mingle and chase each other, ideal hopes and shadows of despair; and yet the soul's enthusiasm burns unquenchable in spite of Fate; and the at once pleading and inspired motive No. 5, (properly the *Counter-theme*) comes, with its light tip-toe tread of double-basses,—a passage very Beethovenish, which gives you the idea of one treading upon air as if drunk with the possession of some glorious secret; and the great storm and struggle comes of light and darkness, Joy and Fate, stirring up all the depths of harmony in tumultuous billows, the double-basses stepping wide in intervals of octaves or more, and giving breadth and grandeur to the picture; and the human pleadings and the sweet ideals come again, and all seems to tend to light and serene harmony; but for the present, for the actual conclusion, the inexorable voice, that first rang through the void, prevails, and the first movement closes with the first theme again sounded by the whole with terrible three-fold emphasis. And is this the conclusion? The conclusion of the actual, but not of the ideal. It is in this first movement that one feels the pledge and prophecy of something grand, extraordinary, that is yet to come. We know no music which seems so pregnant with a future as this, teeming with more than it has means to utter, and foreshadowing a solution, such as came to Beethoven in that fourth or Choral movement. It is this first Movement that requires and justifies the last and finds its explanation there.

The Scherzo movement, with its strong joyous pulse of ceaseless three-four measure, so light and tripping, yet with such breadth of crowded harmony, as if one wild, reckless impulse tingled in every nerve and fibre of a whole world thus possessed and demonized; — and then its quaint pastoral episode in 4-4 time, where the bassoon toys merrily with the horn — suggests the vain attempt to find true joy in the whirl of superficial pleasure and excitement.

Then comes the *Adagio Cantabile*, serene and heavenly, the very opposite to that wild mood of sensual joy. How like holy bells in a still night the notes of the first chord fall in one by one upon the ear, leading in that sweet, slow, solemn psalm, with echoed cadence to each line! and how the strings palpitate with blissful agitation, as the time changes and the soul is rapt in deeper bliss by the new theme in D that enters,—most lovely, warm and comforting of melodies! What music ever written is more full of deepest feeling! Then with what exquisite delicacy and subtlety of fine mellifluous divisions, winding and throbbing in and out, the theme is varied by the violins, and by the warmer instruments! And what is there comparable to that pure height of ecstasy, of reverie in which the soul is more than ever conscious, lost to time but waking in eternity, where, while the theme, modulated into a strange key, as it were refracted through a visionary light, is pursued by the wind instruments, the strings now here now there, in all parts of the orchestra, emit as it were little electric sparks of happiness, in those *pizzicati* which only seem so promiscuously timed! Then the slow horn, as if inspired with an involuntary eloquence, indulges in a florid passage quite beyond its ordinary powers! Then the wonderfully expressive drooping back, as with a sigh of too much bliss, into the old key and the old theme; and still more exquisite refinement on the melody by the violins! And when the conclusion must come, the bold trumpet strain of exhortation from on high, the voice which seems to summon the whole soul to highest action; then a brief relapse into the celestial melody, and the dream gently fades away.

But it is not enough; the solution is not here. This we have in the fourth or Choral part. How wonderfully the transition from pure instrumental into vocal music is prepared! First a sort of shriek of despair from the orchestra; then a recitative, that almost speaks, from the double-basses and 'celli, uttering the soul's question and complaint. A wilder shriek (diminished seventh), and more recitative of basses. Then the rustling Fifth of the first movement are suggested; the basses answer: No, it will not do! The Scherzo theme is tried: No, again, with more impatience. The heavenly *Adagio* is touched for a few bars; and the bass soliloquy this time is of a subdued and sweeter melancholy, but ending still with restless sense of want of satisfaction. Then a new light sweetly streaks the dark horizon; the theme of the Joy Chorus is just hinted by the mellow reeds, and the basses make eager, hopeful answer: Aye, that's the tune! and in a low, quiet voice, these basses hum through, as it were, the simple melody of the chorus, conceived in the style of the simplest people's tune; they repeat it, and the bassoon plays around it with a quaint accompaniment, as if free

now to indulge in any innocent fancy; then the violins come in; then the full force of the orchestra, with trumpets, with the richest harmony, and all manner of melodic figurative phrases, the whole so exciting as to lift one on his feet. It is splendid, it is divine, but still the utterance is not complete! The cry of despair comes once again, and now a human voice sings: "Friends, no more these mournful strains," &c., and the Chorus comes in in full tide to the words of Schiller's "HYMN TO JOY." How this is worked up to a sublimer and sublimer pitch, reaching its climax in the religious strain of long notes, with the thrilling star-like vibrations of the orchestral accompaniment, at the thought of "the Father who dwells above the stars," and how it all grows more and more exciting to the end, we have no room, if we had power, to describe. If performed as well as we have ample reason to expect it will be, it will make its meaning felt to every listener.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We are happy to learn that Mmo. BISCACCANTI yields to the general entreaties and will before departing give another concert here, on Wednesday evening next. . . . The announcement by Señor CASSERES, of a concert at Mercantile Hall next Saturday evening, is worthy of attention. This gentleman, a native of Jamaica, of Spanish-African blood, gave such proof recently, in a *matinée* at Mr. Gilbert's rooms, both of his ability and taste as a pianist, and of a refined, gentlemanly, modest tone of character, as to win friends at once. The material of his concert is attractive, and we wish him a full house. . . . The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will publicly revive the once popular Oratorio of "David," by Neukomm, on Sunday evening, April 3. . . . We are glad to hear that our excellent tenor singer, Mr. C. R. Adams, who has so commended himself to Boston audiences by his earnest and successful culture of a fine natural gift, and equally by his modest and agreeable deportment, intends to go to Europe for his further musical improvement, seeking what not only Italy, but Germany and England have to offer. There is a movement among the musicians to give him a good concert in aid of this laudable design.

A "School for Organists" — not a book, but a school — is certainly a great desideratum in our musical world. Mr. JOHN ZUNDL, organist of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., who has returned from Germany, and who is one of the most learned and accomplished organists in this country, has established such a school (see card), where pupils will receive daily lessons on the Organ and in Thorough-Bass, with weekly lessons in the art of tuning and doctoring refractory instruments. An excellent idea. . . . Who is "John," our Diarist's and Berlin correspondent's "John"? The Portland *Advertiser* claims the honor of him for that city. He is the son of the late well-known music-dealer, and JOHN PAINE is his name. He is now studying in Berlin, working away hard at Bach; we hope, with our correspondent, that "when 'John' gets home, there will be no more desecration of the Organ by operatic flights and negro jigs as at the Tremont Temple."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 19. — One of the most charming concerts of the season was MASON & THOMAS' *Matinée* last Tuesday. The programme, owing to the absence of Mr. Thomas, with Ullman's troupe, was more miscellaneous than usual, and contained a couple of vocal numbers. I subjoin it:

Sonata in C minor. Opus 30. No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin; Beethoven: Messrs. Wm. Mason and J. Mosenthal. "Ah, mon fils," Le Prophete; Meyerbeer: Mrs. J. M. Mozart. Variations Concertantes, for Violoncello and Piano Forte. Opus 17; Mendelssohn: Messrs. C. Bergmann and Wm. Mason. Andante for two Pianofortes, opus 6; Reinecke: Messrs. J. S. Jameson and Wm. Mason. Elegy of Tears; Schubert: Mrs. J. M. Mozart. Quartet in E flat major, opus 47, for Piano, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello; Schumann: Messrs. Mason, Mosenthal, Matzka, and Bergmann.

The Sonata, in which Mr. MOSENTHAL made his debut as a solo player, is, in my opinion, the finest of its kind, not excepting the Kreutzer Sonata, which is so much more celebrated. It was exceedingly well rendered. Mr. Mosenthal played his part so beautifully, with such true feeling and comprehension, that all who heard him cannot but hope that he will follow out the new path he has entered upon. He is a most earnest and thorough musician, with the true artist's feeling, whose great modesty alone prevents him from occupying in our musical world as high a place as many another who is less worthy of it. As great

a treat in their way were the lovely variations of Mendelssohn, very finely interpreted by Messrs. MASON & BERGMANN; and no less satisfactory was the beautiful quartet of Schumann. How exquisitely fresh and vigorous and sparkling it is. In the fourth number, the second piano was taken by Mr. JAMESON, a son of the lady singer of that name, a very young man, hardly more than a boy, with a most prepossessing exterior and modest, pleasing demeanor. He acquitted himself exceedingly well, evinced great firmness and power, and, altogether, did ample credit to his master, Mr. Mason. The piece which they played was so entirely out of the common line, that it was difficult to judge of it at once. I hope we shall hear it again.

You will see from the programme that the singer of the occasion was one of your own warblers, who has become a bird of passage, and emigrated to our clime. A great responsibility has this Mrs. MOZART resting upon her, in striving to do justice to the honored name she bears. She has a beautiful voice, sings well, and is pleasing in her appearance. A slight cold seemed to slightly impair her powers on Tuesday, but not enough to prevent the audience from welcoming her as a valuable addition to our collection of singing birds. In point of weather, poor Eisfeld's mantle seems to have fallen upon this quartet party this winter; their concerts are sure to fall upon the worst of the many disagreeable days we have had this winter. This last time, however, the audience was not very much diminished by this circumstance, and the performers did their best to reward those who were present for braving the storm, by playing with a spirit which they have never before surpassed.

Next Thursday evening, Mr. C. JEROME HOPKINS will give a concert at the Church of the Messiah — probably for the purpose of bringing out some of his compositions. On Monday after next, Wagner's *Tannhäuser* will be given entire at a little German theatre in the Bowery! As to how it is given, I may be able to tell you in my next. — t —

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 22. — After a Symphony concert by the popular SENZ, two classical soirées by CARL GAERTNER, and a superb entertainment by the Handel and Haydn Society, there ensued a dead calm in our latitude of the sea of harmony, until last night, when the so-called New Orleans English Opera Troupe opened at the Walnut with *Cinderella*. Moreover, Wm. H. FRY has repeated his quaint, rambling musical lecture, at the Concert Hall. Circumstances precluded the possibility of my attendance there, but several literary friends, on whose judgment I am wont to repose unlimited confidence, pronounce the effort to have combined a vast amount of musical information, strangely leavened with random allusions to irrelevant subjects, e. g. woman's rights, postal reforms, tariff, Kansas, etc. The lecture occupied two hours, without any signs of weariness on the part of the audience, who found themselves alternately edified, and entertained by the adroitness wherewith the distinguished critic managed to interweave so many heterogeneous subjects with his theme.

Two youthful pianists, named HERBERT and HARVEY, (the latter a violinist besides), announce a grand concert for to-morrow night at the Musical Fund Hall. They have engaged a charming vocalist, named M'lie. ANNA WISSLER, who several years ago attracted marked attention at the Harmonia concerts, — then made a temporary sojourn in Paris, where she placed herself in the hands of first class teachers, — and now returns to us a very finished vocalist. The *Evening Bulletin* termed her "one of the best singers we have had here for a long time," after her achievements at

Gaertner's second soirée. There are rumors here of a forthcoming season of Ullman's Italian Opera during the second week of April, but I can trace them to no reliable source. On dit, furthermore, that the "little Napoleon" has leased our Academy from August next onward. At present, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, an actress of considerable repute in this latitude, furnishes farce and comedy upon its ample stage, to houses which are thinning nightly to such an alarming extent that the close of the season has been announced next Saturday. MANRICO.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 13. — Having seen no report from our city in your Journal lately, I will give you a short account of the doings of our home Societies this winter. The "Cecilia" Society have given a concert once a month, and their excellent leader, Mr. RITTER, continues his endeavors to bring out as much of the best class of Music as is feasible. The chorus is not as large and good as in former years, owing partly to a marrying mania amongst its members, but does its best under these aggravating circumstances. Parts of the "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Gade's "Comala," &c., have been sung lately, and probably some one of these works will be brought out entire shortly. Mr. Ritter has also composed recently a sort of cantata, or oratorio, called "Pensacola," the words by Miss FANNY RAYMOND, based on an Indian story. Parts of it have been performed at the last concert of the Society. As I was prevented from being present all the evening, I must postpone an account of it; but may say, that it has been very favorably reported in our papers.

The Philharmonic Society have given two concerts and two public Rehearsals, this season thus far; the programmes embracing the fourth Symphony of Beethoven, the seventh of Haydn, Overtures to "Euryanthe," by Weber, several by Auber and Rossini, and the one to "Tannhäuser," by Wagner. The Orchestra, under the efficient lead of Mr. BARUS, continues to improve very much; and at the last concert particularly played remarkably well. The "Tannhäuser" overture was rendered for the first time and with great effect, and elicited much interest from the audience.

This week the opera season will commence in our splendid new opera house, with Strakosch's troupe. X.

"MR. BROWN'S" DEN. — WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, FEB. 23. — DEAR DWIGHT. — You may take the above for a caption or a date, for it is both. "Herr Teer ist fort," is the response I just received from the little "Italienerinn" as she is now called, from my christening, and as I consider her a part of the Diarist's establishment, (don't be alarmed, our æsthetic friend has no "responsibilities"!) I suppose the little dairy-maid ought to be described. But we will pass her by for the present. "Nehmen sie Platz, bitte," says the pretty nymph — and so I will or have — and, awaiting the proprietor's return, will now try to fulfil a promise made in a recent letter to you and describe the workshop of the old Titan. Am I mistaken in thinking that many of the Journal's readers will feel an interest in the "local habitation" of Mr. Brown? — the laboratory where so much of wit, pathos, sentiment and common sense is wrought into shapes of beauty and use for their hearts and minds?

We sometimes mistake in judging others by ourselves — yet what better standard have we? For my part, it is always of the highest interest to me to know how the habitual working place of a favorite author or a dear friend looks. Let me be accurate and pace the room — 17 x 9 — window at one end, door leading into bed-room at the other; half way of the length, a second door, conducting into "John's" room, through which the world passes to get at the

Diarist. John is portly and a goodly porter, for his open and cordial smile is a fit preparation for the severe presence of the deity of the inner temple. But come, let us go on with the "temple" itself. In the corner next the window is a French secretary, (not an amanuensis, my friend, or he surely would not be of that nation, but) of satin-wood. The lid is down and discloses contents in most artistic disorder—not that chaos which preceded creation, but that which co-exists with and helps it on! Let us glance at the contents without handling. Sundry newspapers, (please not read this "Sunday"), pamphlets, a package, which I guess contains tea; cover of a very old book. Check by jowl with the secretary, following the north wall towards "John's" door, is a low bureau, contents unknown, top covered with files of "Dwight's Journal," huge piles of Beethoven and Liszt, and Handel's "Susannah;" a ream of letter paper, copies of N. Y. Tribune—handy for use, but nothing final in the arrangements.

Near the centre of the room, but approached to the sofa, which is against the wall opposite said bureau, is the table—a sofa-table, as we call it in America, 4½ x 3 feet—of satin-wood, (material discernible on digging a hole, by the Artesian principle, in the superincumbent masses,—literally,) but an inventory would carry me too far; let us, however, pick out a few items, "leading articles," so to speak: Inkstand—not a practical one, but then we all have our inconsistencies—it would kill me in a week, and if this letter is very dull, lay it to the inkstand:—imagine the Diarist, if you can, friend Dwight, writing his charming letters from an English patent, spring-top, travelling inkstand—one of those ingenious things, known to most modern travellers, especially ladies, so ingeniously contrived not to spring open till fairly imbedded in your white kids, handkerchiefs, best vests and photographs!—spectacles, wafer-box, of porcelain, representing a miniature couple, in dramatic costume, dancing a minuet; pin-cushion, quills, every variety of book, pamphlet, journal, manuscript and blank paper, &c., &c. The entire contents of this table suggest to the mind of the imaginative observer, the "bursting up" of a neighboring antiquarian establishment, a section of which has blown in through the window and thus reached its destination; three chairs, a good sofa—very comfortable looking,—books perching on the arms thereof. Beginning now at the window on the south side of the room, the first object, and a conspicuous one, is the library proper—shelves from floor to ceiling, say 5 feet long and a little more than full, so that you see sundry piles on the floor, which look as if they had several times tried to climb up, but, finding no room, had fallen back discouraged and hurt themselves too much to have strength for any very picturesque arrangement below. Starting at this base, a row of dignified tomes, which cannot be suspected of any such unseemly friskiness, "measures its slow length" on the floor, under the window, till it gains the secretary first mentioned.

At the opposite end of the sofa is a handsome mahogany clothes-press—(almost tempted, in defiance of all rules of propriety, to peep in, merely to see if that, too, don't contain books.) There is, however, still a space 2 feet wide between it and the bedroom door—let's look and see what is there—*royons!* Upon the honor of a gentleman, a pile of quartos four feet high and very ancient! On the opposite corner of the room, a German porcelain stove of a Brown color, with a sort of oven therein, in which sundry good things are doubtless sometimes browned. A little four-legged table 18 inches square. And now for the walls. A bust-chen of von Humboldt in plaster; large looking-glass over bureau; a framed engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's "Heilige Abendmahl" and, as a pendant, a sheet, similarly framed, containing 14 little semi-comic engravings, 7 to the left, representing "Les Plaisirs," and 7 to the right, "Les

Désagréments of a "Promenade." On the window seat, by way of variety, books. Unoccupied space of room, not adapted to crinoline navigation! Outlook—you see the Friederich Strasse across an area, 80 feet deep of dimension, stone ready for building, and a symmetrical pile of wood. Oh! I omitted to notice two things, under the table a carpet and on top of the secretary, books!

Now, in spite of all this detail, as minute as if I were preparing a schedule for an auction sale of premises and contents, I feel that I have given no graphic impression of the "locus in quo" of Mr. Brown's thoughts and works. I am sitting with my side to the window, at one end of the table, in the proprietors's absence; my paper rests upon the back of Marx's life of Beethoven, looking, as on a former occasion, through the "Diarist's" spectacles; but the tableau is not complete nor beautiful, until the *genius loci* is there, in that grey coat, on the centre of that sofa inditing "copy for Dwight," and occasionally looking up with most startling suddenness, as if he saw flames proceeding from his bureau. You start, too, but it is only; "By Jove; I must have that old edition of Squampunkius"—glances wildly into space, but seeing no *fonds* there, relapses, with something between a sigh and a grunt into silence. But the Squampunkius has disturbed the current of his ideas. He speaks no more aloud, but—(I am peeping at him through my fingers) he is scratching his head and evidently murmuring betwixt his teeth a non-reconciliation with the order of Providence, wondering if any special Providence will award him a copy of the author aforesaid. Ah! he is a philosopher. See how transient this scepticism is! His brow clears and his eye says: "Whatever is, is right." Let's try him! "Brown, what are you writing about at this moment; just a freak of curiosity I have?" "Well, why do you ask?—oh, I was just saying something funny to Dwight." "Well, but what was in your mind a minute ago?" "Oh, nothing, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, you know." "Nothing fit to be told, you mean?" "Pshaw! it's Latin; I thought you understood Latin!" "Yes, that's always the way with you scholars; you fancy everybody knows everything just because you do." "Why, surely, my dear fellow, I heard you one day quote '*integer vite scelerisque purus*, &c.'" "Oh yes, to be sure, but that was only to let Joe see that I was not to be put down by his '*fus est ab hoste doceri*,'" and I was much encouraged in finding what a hit I had made—for his countenance fell decidedly; it is true, I felt like exultation when I afterwards discovered that he didn't know what his sentence meant any more than I did mine—but, it wants ten minutes of dinner, "*prandio qui abest*"—what is it? why, my vein is too silly for a Journal of Music, Art and Literature, so, dear D., au revoir!

Yesterday was the 22d February, and WASHINGTON's birthday was celebrated on Prussian soil by a very handsome dinner at the American Minister's. The venerable HUMBOLDT was present and 78 of our countrymen and countrywomen. The occasion merits a description, but here and now I have only time to say that Massachusetts carried off the honors decidedly, in the person of the "Diarist"—whose toast was: "Von Humboldt, the king of science, the latchet of whose shoes common kings are not worthy to stoop down and unloose!" There was no end to the applause, and the venerable sage looked really pleased as if he thought it just and the right thing to be said. The utmost good feeling prevailed between North and South, and Virginia said some very cordial and handsome things of Massachusetts. The dinner was good, elegantly served, the wines various and of the best quality; and the occasion a decided success. The most modest speaker, who said but a few words, almost inaudible from emotion, was the dauntless horse and zebra tamer, Rarey.

BOSTONIAN.

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